

YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

Volume 4--Number 1.

YPSILANTI SENTINEL

Is published every Wednesday, at Ypsilanti, Washtenaw Co. Michigan, by
CHARLES WOODRUFF.

TERMS.

\$1.00 Cash in advance and \$2.00 will invariably be charged if payment is delayed three months from the time of subscribing.

PROSPECTUS OF THE YPSILANTI SENTINEL, VOLUME FOUR.

Is coming before the public with the fourth Vol. the "Sentinel" we find a favorable opportunity of etching a slight programme of our intentions, which we shall endeavor to fill during the year. We are flattered more during the year just past with the satisfaction expressed by our patrons than any considerable increase of our subscription list. So great are the obstacles which a country press has to contend with that it must necessarily win its way slowly into public favor. In this respect we trust we have made some advance. With the greater experience we now have of the peculiar tastes of our reading community, we hope to advance still farther.

The "Sentinel" will continue to advocate the measures of the Whig party so far as those measures are now developed; nor do we apprehend the adoption of any doctrine by that party which our private judgment shall force us to oppose;—yet in the events of the future we hold sacred the rights of private opinions. Its political features shall, however, be kept at all times, free from personality and unfair argument.

Should our patronage soon warrant it we shall make a considerable addition to the amount of our political reading, but we cannot promise this except on the condition of a largely increased subscription.

Is MISCELLANEOUS READING we trust we shall be able to please the young, the middle aged, and the old. For this purpose increasing the amount and selecting it for a wider range of the current literature of the day than heretofore.

We shall be constantly on the look out for the richest jokes of Punch, Judy, Yankee Doodle, and kindred humorists, while the whole troop of "Literary" phillies will be made to yield their choicest gems. We should be glad if we were able to promise something original in this line, and we trust that we may be able to find in the course of the year, if so it will not be held back because we are not obliged by a promise to produce it.

Our GENERAL INTELLIGENCE will be copious, correct, and early. The various and multifarious designs of a weekly journal we shall endeavor in short to fulfill to the best of our ability; of which the public have now had some two years experience.

We trust that we shall now see an increased interest taken in the Sentinel by those whose interests are advanced, and the importance of whose place of residence is enhanced by its continuance. We have no doubt but we say, if we have done well, "Give us your approval."

Ypsilanti Jan. 23 1847.

English Fire and Yankee Coolness.

Correspondence of the Buffalo Morning Express.

NIAGARA FALLS, Jan. 16. 1846.

A little incident occurred at Niagara Falls last October, which I intended to have sent you at the time but omitted so to do, and perhaps it is not today yet being a matter of fact.

An English gentleman who was on a visit to our village while rambling about the Falls, frequently made use of his quizzing glass, holding it at such a distance that the muscles of his face, rather an awkward manner, as most cocknicks do. While thus gazing, a gentleman from Cleveland happened to come near him remarked: "Sir, you do not understand the use of that instrument you have before your eye." This very much offended the Englishman, who turning around very angrily, said, "What's that you say sir?" "I say you do not understand the use of that instrument you hold before your face," the Englishman immediately thrust his hand into his pocket, taking his card handed it to the Cleveland man who took it and after reading it over, a loud, very cool reply, "Ah! I suppose this is your name?" "Yes that's my name." "Well I suppose so," replied the Cleveland man reading it over again and gazing at the Englishman in a very unconcerned manner. The Englishman at this cool attitude, while rambling about the Falls, frequently made use of his quizzing glass, holding it at such a distance that the muscles of his face, rather an awkward manner, as most cocknicks do. While thus gazing, a gentleman from Cleveland happened to come near him remarked: "Sir, you do not understand the use of that instrument you have before your eye." This very much offended the Englishman, who turning around very angrily, said, "What's that you say sir?" "I say you do not understand the use of that instrument you hold before your face," the Englishman immediately thrust his hand into his pocket, taking his card handed it to the Cleveland man who took it and after reading it over, a loud, very cool reply, "Ah! I suppose this is your name?" "Yes that's my name." "Well I suppose so," replied the Cleveland man reading it over again and gazing at the Englishman in a very unconcerned manner.

Speaking of the financial difficulties of the Government, the Baltimore American of yesterday says: "If rumor is to be credited, a bill is soon to be reported laying direct taxes upon bank stock, mills, distilleries, carriages, plate, jewelry, and articles of great description." We think it quite probable that the Administration party in Congress may propose some such measure as is here indicated, and it is not impossible that they may pass it. That direct taxation must be resorted to, in the event of a protracted war, is a fact of which no sort of doubt. But this we can from experience, namely, that such taxes will bring no relief to the Treasury in its present need; for, were excises to be laid on these objects within the next ten days to an amount calculated to raise five millions of dollars a year, they would not bring to the Treasury within a year one-half of one million of dollars. The second year they would do better, but it would not be until the third year that the Treasury would realize the full amount which they would be capable of annually producing. Duties upon imports, on the other hand, become immediately available, because for such duties a collection system is already in existence, and works well and easily.—*Intelligencer.*

A countryman took his seat at a hotel table, opposite a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing this to be common property, our unphilosophical country friend helped himself to it with his other gentleman's glass.

"That's cool," exclaimed the owner of the wine indignantly.

"Yes," replied the other, "I would think there was ice in it."

A necessitous man who gives cash dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

The Fashionable Lady's Prayer.

BY W. FELCH.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
And pies and cakes besides,
To lead the stomach, pain the head,
And choke the vital fires;
And if too soon a friend decease,
Or dies in agony—
We'll talk of "God's mysterious ways,"
And lay it all to thee.

Give us, to please a morbid taste,
In spite of pain and death,
Consumption—strings around the waist,
Almost to stop the breath.
Then if infirmity attend
Our stunted progeny,
In visitation for our sins,
We'll lay it all to thee.

Give us big bustles in the rear,
(We ask it not in fun.)
A thing for corn field crows to fear,
And hoars to roost upon.
And we heat the fire and spine,
What matter should it be?
When sickness follows, we can whine,
And lay it all to thee.

Give us good houses, large and tall,
To look the cabins down,
And servants dodging at our call,
And shaking at our frown.
Then, however, worthy they,
We'll treat quite scornfully,
The poor six pence pay, communion day
And settle up with thee.

We do disdain to toil and sweat,
Like girls of vulgar brood!
Of labor give us not a bit,
For physic, nor for food.
And if, for want of exercise,
We lack the stamina
Of those we trample and despise,
We'll lay it all to thee.

If any curse we have forgot,
That on a votary,
Fashion lets fall, withhold it not,
But send it grievously.
And if too hard to null—stone light
For frail humanity,
We'll never blame ourselves a mit,
But lay it all to thee.

Yes, give us coffee, wine and tea,
And hot things introduce,
The stomach's warm bath thrice a day,
To weaken and reduce.
And if, defying nature's laws,
Dyspeptic we must be,
We scorn to search for human cause,
But lay it all to thee.

"The two circulations—the Nervous and the San-

guineses."

Andrew Birch.

"Give a dog an ill name, and hang him."

Old Proverb.

"Isn't he a fine fellow?"

"And so he is, as handsome does; he'll never come to good—his marked out for evil; only look at his hand."

This ominous answer to my good-natured admirer's question was made by an old woman, my mother's next door neighbor, as she gazed gloomily on me a few days after my birth, (which cost my poor mother her life.) She piqued herself on her oracular and prophetic powers, and was looked upon with great awe and respect by the whole village.

Let us at his hand, I say; and mark my words! old as I am, I shall live to see that boy hanged. He has the mark of Cain and he'll die his death."

I suppose the old lady's historical recollections not being very clear, and her opinion being formed on poetical justice alone, she fancied Cain had very properly ended his days on the gallows.

"First and foremost, you see he has been the cause of his mother's death before he was a day old—what a beginning. Oh! I foresee it all; he's born to evil, and to be a disgrace to his friends. Good luck to the fever that carried off poor Birch; if he had lived to see the day that's coming, it would have broke his heart, and an honest industrious man that he was; and a happy thing it is that poor Sarah is gone likewise; and instead of hugging and kissing the unfortunate babe in that way, you'd better to be down on your knees praying that he may be taken before he is able to accomplish all his crimes."

"Let Mrs. Grum, how you do go on! How could the poor babe help his mother's dying? It was God's will she should go, poor thing, and as to disgracing his friends, he has few enough left, in all conscience, poor innocent. Bless his little hand, these marks are as common as to have five fingers."

"Well, well—you never did believe me when I foretold you of any of my things. Remember the pedlarman—who was right there? But we'll see—we'll see!" and taking up her worldly wealth in the shape of a basket of apples, the produce of her small orchard, and casting another gloomily-foreboding look at me, she finally took her departure.

My kind-hearted neighbor, (who having, no children of her own had, partly out of charity and partly from the wish for a companion, undertaken to bring up the friendless and penniless orphan, though not in the least convinced of my terrible destination, was involuntarily evading, as in the dead silence of a hot August evening, she sat alone gazing on the helpless being who had been thus accidentally thrown on her protection. Not that she regretted my adoption for an instant, or that the old woman's foolish fancies made any impression on her mind; but though the words themselves are folly in her ears, they had taken away her thoughtless and sanguine pleasure in the present moment (that great secret of happiness) and they had made her reflect on her own and my position and prospects, and reflecting on the future can only be a cause of anxiety or sadness to those who know not, at most, what a year may bring forth. She had now, it is true, what she had long wished for, a nearer and greater interest in life than the toiling to supply her own wants; there was now a being on whom she could lavish more love than was required in the generalizing benevolence of a mere neighbor. She had the pleasure of feeling that she was no longer alone in the world, that there was some one who depended entirely on her—a pleasure which every one feels intensely, (though whether it proceeds from the generosity or the pride inherent in our nature, it would be difficult to decide.) The strong hale old widow, with her garden and cottage, as long as she could see to work, and herself alone to work for, was always above the water.

Those who have no one in the world to whom they would make a will, who feel that the only consequences of their quitting the world would be, that for an instant there was a man the less in it, may be as reckless as they please; or, to speak of those of a better nature, as contented as possible; but the question—"What will he do when I am gone?"—legible on many an anxious care-worn brow, falls with a heavy echo on the heart of the poor man who can bequeath nothing but his blessing. Those words, "the day that is coming," rung in the widow's ears; she had stepped out of her magic circle, and the mist was cleared before her eyes. She now felt, (and with the greater intenseness, as being a self-sought birth,) that she had not only to protect, to feed, and to clothe the pretty rosy child she had pictured to herself running prattling by her side, but, without reflecting at the first impulse of a kindly nature, had taken upon herself the awful responsibility of another's future. The lone old woman had caught eagerly at the gift, without considering the heavy debt that gift entailed. As she sat rocking me backwards and forwards at the open door of her one-roomed cottage, and the night closed round with oppressive stillness, she felt for a moment utterly desolate, and bitterly asked herself what right she had to offer the shadow of a home, which in the common course of nature must so soon pass away? Why, from a selfish wish not to pursue the remaining of her way companionless, embitter the youth of perhaps a long and weary life? But the remembrance of the utterly destitute and friendless condition, in which she had found me, comforted her; the prospect of the workhouse was still less encouraging than the home she had to offer, and though the future was yet so fearfully uncertain, "There was no knowing what might turn up, and the boy might have luck!" so resolving only to think how she could do best for the present, she retired to rest, having regained in a great measure her former cheerfulness.

Time passed, and at the age of six, I had as yet done nothing to justify Mrs. Grum's prophecy; and the mark on my hand, (the only evidence against me,) had considerably faded;—when one evening she stopped at the gate of our cottage, which stood alone, some distance from some neighbors from the rest of the village, and at my protectress's invitation, stepped in to share our humble meal, which was, in my mind, far better calculated for two persons than three. This consideration (added to an instinctive aversion I felt for the old woman, arising, perhaps, from seeing the crabbed and malevolent expression of her countenance, whenever our eyes met,) caused me to turn sulkily away from her awkward attempt to appear caressing and take refuge at the little dusty window, whose panes resemble the bottoms of wine bottles. Dim as it was, there the flies congregated, and played their little harmless antics, as merrily as in the plate glass windows of a Piccadilly mansion. Unfortunately for them (and indeed ultimately for myself), in order to vent my ill-humor, and while away the quarter of an hour which separated me from my dinner, I began to point to death by various ingenious ways and, as in order to kill a tyrant, you would first thrust a dagger into his back, so I thrust a cruel stab into the heart of the old woman. Mrs. Grum looked up to see if it was raining, and became aware of my occupation, in which I do not, suppose there is a child in Great Britain who has not, at one time or another, been engaged, and which, in my opinion, is only a proof of progress of intellect. It is the first instinctive grasping at power, the natural assertion of man's superiority over the brute creation, and is certainly far from an innocent recreation, as the child at the time is unconscious of the degree of torture he inflicts. Not so however thought the indignant Mrs. Grum, who called on my adopted mother, and on all the saints in the calendar to witness the budding iniquity of the "young murderer," as she was pleased in kind anticipation, to call me. I cannot now call to mind the eloquent arguments of which she made use, to prove that cruelty to dumb animals was the first step to greater crimes, and that the time was near when I should be called to account for every great villain that had ever existed. I was thunderstruck at my hitherto undisturbed empire over the lives of bloodsuckers, being called in question in this vehement manner. She failed, however, in convincing my protectress of the hopelessness of endeavoring to avert my fate; or that the best thing she could do was to send me at once to the workhouse. My adopted mother, who was certainly far from being a saint, and who had been the faithful friend of Mrs. Grum's prophecy, and without taking her share of our frugal dinner, the gossip departed, ostensibly because "she could not eat a bit, after seeing them dead creatures;" but in fact, painting with eagerness to impart to the rest of the village, what she called, "the fresh workings of my destiny."

She had been not a little piqued at my having turned out such a mild, tractable child and the slow fulfillment of her prophetic predictions. She was also extremely jealous of the praise Mrs. Brown had gained by the unexpected generosity of a poor laborer's widow voluntarily taking charge of another's offspring. After this day however, owing to the indefatigable tongue of this prejudiced old woman, no a frog was stoned within three miles, that was not immediately set down as the work of Andrew Birch; no corpse of an unfortunate cat could be found, that had died a natural or unnatural, a timely or untimely death, but it was supposed to have fallen a victim to the murderous propensities of Cain Birch, as I was now universally termed. Not that the appellation would have wounded my placid temper so much, had they not taken most palpable means of impressing it on me; and caned and birched I was, a hundred times, for deeds I never had perpetrated—deeds, which in themselves and committed by others, would have been nothing but the good folks' alms before their eyes. Mrs. Grum, they for ever looked beyond the slight, pale boy of twelve, to the Andrew Birch they pictured to themselves in after-years, with strength to commit the horrid deeds of which they never for an instant doubted capable. Each newly discovered slaughter was looked upon as a fresh step towards my fearful destiny; and even the increased size of my supposed victims was made a subject of gratulation to the propounder of the prophecy; and my rapid progress from a fly to a cat in so short a space, was also taken as a proof that I should be obliged to sit down and weep—not like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, but for the revival of the mammoths and giants of old, nothing being left worthy of satisfying the enormity of my craving for slaughter.

When I had nearly attained my thirteenth year I lost my kind protectress; though not at all aged, she had long been failing; and I think her death was in a great measure hastened and accelerated by one very means she had taken to smother her path in life, and render the remnant of her days more agreeable. Had she remained a lonely widow, she would have passed away in peace, and been resigned, if not thankful. That I was an affectionate, tractable child, made the matter worse, inasmuch as it added to her love for me; and though she was a pious woman, and struggled hard to leave all in the hands of Providence, she actually wore herself away with thinking what was to become of me. And though I continued (how vainly I am quiet, meek—say, in my own defence I am bound to confess—a most cowardly boy—though every man's hand was against me, I remained a most passive and unresisting Cain; yet my meekness and harmlessness, prattled me nothing against the mountain of prejudice that had been raised up against me; of course, added greatly to her anxiety and grief in leaving me friendless and unprotected; especially as she had an unbounded horror of the workhouse, to which I was destined if I had not attained to an age when I could do something for myself; and to which I was accordingly sent after the burial, with the scanty savings she had been able to lay by in my pocket, and my heart bursting with grief. It was at some distance from the village, and there I was to remain until "something better" could be done for me.

The wicked old Mrs. Grum declared at the funeral, that my trouble, some and turbulent disposition had broken my adopted mother's heart. "Hav'n't you observed how down-hearted and glum she has looked ever since she took that boy?" A heavy day it was for her, poor thing! I told her it would be "warmed her, but she wouldn't credit me. Poor thing! that was such a fine-looking, lively woman for her time of life; and these last six years you might have weighed her with a feather! He has done for two now, but his time is coming!" and grumbling on the slowly left the burying-ground, leaving all the village convinced that I had been the real, though not ostensible cause, of my second mother's death; and each fancying he remembered some peculiar change in her appearance, which she had undertaken the charge of some neighbors from the rest of the village, and at my protectress's invitation, stepped in to share our humble meal, which was, in my mind, far better calculated for two persons than three. This consideration (added to an instinctive aversion I felt for the old woman, arising, perhaps, from seeing the crabbed and malevolent expression of her countenance, whenever our eyes met,) caused me to turn sulkily away from her awkward attempt to appear caressing and take refuge at the little dusty window, whose panes resemble the bottoms of wine bottles. Dim as it was, there the flies congregated, and played their little harmless antics, as merrily as in the plate glass windows of a Piccadilly mansion. Unfortunately for them (and indeed ultimately for myself), in order to vent my ill-humor, and while away the quarter of an hour which separated me from my dinner, I began to point to death by various ingenious ways and, as in order to kill a tyrant, you would first thrust a dagger into his back, so I thrust a cruel stab into the heart of the old woman. Mrs. Grum looked up to see if it was raining, and became aware of my occupation, in which I do not, suppose there is a child in Great Britain who has not, at one time or another, been engaged, and which, in my opinion, is only a proof of progress of intellect. It is the first instinctive grasping at power, the natural assertion of man's superiority over the brute creation, and is certainly far from an innocent recreation, as the child at the time is unconscious of the degree of torture he inflicts. Not so however thought the indignant Mrs. Grum, who called on my adopted mother, and on all the saints in the calendar to witness the budding iniquity of the "young murderer," as she was pleased in kind anticipation, to call me. I cannot now call to mind the eloquent arguments of which she made use, to prove that cruelty to dumb animals was the first step to greater crimes, and that the time was near when I should be called to account for every great villain that had ever existed. I was thunderstruck at my hitherto undisturbed empire over the lives of bloodsuckers, being called in question in this vehement manner. She failed, however, in convincing my protectress of the hopelessness of endeavoring to avert my fate; or that the best thing she could do was to send me at once to the workhouse. My adopted mother, who was certainly far from being a saint, and who had been the faithful friend of Mrs. Grum's prophecy, and without taking her share of our frugal dinner, the gossip departed, ostensibly because "she could not eat a bit, after seeing them dead creatures;" but in fact, painting with eagerness to impart to the rest of the village, what she called, "the fresh workings of my destiny."

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